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Editor: Ian Rimmer • Design: John Tomlinson •  
Production: Tim Hampson and Alison Gill •  
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# Captain BRITAIN contents



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**Our Address:** Captain Britain Communications,  
23 Redan Place, Bayswater, London W2 4SA,  
ENGLAND.







SO, MY DEAR SLAYMASTER... YOU'VE FINALLY CONQUERED THE BOLD CAPTAIN BRITAIN. I'M MOST IMPRESSED... AND FLATTERED THAT YOU BROUGHT HIM TO ME. COME AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

STORE HIM, WELL, JOSE, AND SEND THE COSTUME TO THE LABS.



OF COURSE, YOUR RELIGION FORBIDS ALCOHOL. DOESN'T IT? PERHAPS SOME OTHER KIND OF STIMULANT THEN?

NO? HOW BORING. SO... ENTERTAIN ME WITH THE STORY OF HOW YOU CAME BY MY GEORGEOUS PRESSIE.



"I ESCAPED FROM THE AUTHORITIES IN THE CHAOS OF THE JASPER'S REALITY WARP."

"I CONCEALED MYSELF AND PLANNED THE MOVE THAT WOULD GIVE ME MY CHECKMATE OF REVENGE."

"THE CRAZY GANG WERE STRANDED OUT OF THEIR DIMENSION - RUNNING WILD, LIKE HEADLESS CHICKENS. I TOOK THEM UNDER MY WING."



"I AIMED THEM AT INSTITUTIONS. AT THE TATTERED REMNANTS OF THE TRADITIONAL FABRIC OF THE NATION..."

"THEY WERE DRAWING ATTENTION. I MADE THEM DRAW IT MY WAY."

"IT WAS AN INSULT WHICH I KNEW HE WOULD TAKE TO HEART. CHAOS GNAWING AT THE SACRED BASTIONS OF PATRIOTIC PRIDE..."

"HE CAME LIKE A RIGHTEOUS ARROW FROM ON HIGH..."

"BUT I WAS WAITING."









DISGUST AND A COLD, HARD ANGER FILL HIM. THIS IS NOT AN HONOURABLE WAY TO TREAT A WORTHY FOE...

...AND ANYWAY, HE WANTS THE COSTUME.



HE MOVES.

HE IS FAST. VERY FAST.



HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST HER. THE VIXEN DOES NOT SHARE HIS CODE OF ETHICS...



...SHE IS SHREWD AND VICIOUS, BUT HE IS A MATCH FOR HER. HE WILL FIND THE LABORATORY AND RECOVER THE COSTUME...

THEN HE WILL REDRESS THE BALANCE.



WELL, MY LITTLE BAND OF GLITTERING SOCIALITES, WE ARE NO LONGER RESTING. WE HAVE A JOB...

Er... Mother...

...YES, IT'S PARTYTIME AGAIN. YOUNG BONE-BAG HERE HAS FIXED HIS NASTY LITTLE BRAIN ONTO THE TARGET. WE HAVE THE KONTRACT, WE'RE READY TO ROLL...



Sorry Mother, but we're not. I've er... lost the er... fix.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'VE LOST THE FIX? WE NEED THOSE CO-ORDINATES...



...AND STOP CALLING ME MOTHER. MY NAME IS GATE-CRASHER.

Sorry Mother, but it just... twinkled out. I'm trying to relocate.

HIS ANGER STILL BURNS THE  
ARROGANCE OF THE WOMAN.  
BUT IF SHE DOES NOT WANT  
CO-OPERATION, THEN SHE  
MUST HAVE OPPOSITION.

HE WILL TEACH HER RESPECT.

LAE  
4

THE INITIAL  
EXAMINATION OF THE  
ER... GARMENT SHOWS  
THAT IT IS, MORE  
PROPERLY, A  
MACHINE...

CAN THIS EMPTY  
GARMENT BE THE  
SOURCE OF HIS OLD  
ENEMY'S POWER...?

IT LOOKS EMPTY.  
IT NEEDS A BODY  
TO FILL IT. IT  
NEEDS COURAGE.

...BUT THE  
MICROCIRCUITRY IS  
INCREDIBLY COMPLEX.  
I DON'T KNOW IF  
THE COMPUTER CAN  
COMPLETELY  
ANALYSE IT.

THE COSTUME MOULDS  
TO HIM LIKE A NEW SKIN.

WILD EXCITEMENT FLEXES  
WITHIN HIM. HE WANTS TO  
LAUGH.

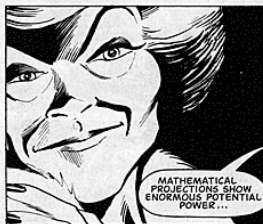
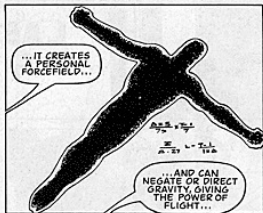
...MUCH OF IT IS  
FAR BEYOND MY RANGE  
OF UNDERSTANDING, BUT  
PERHAPS IT IS BEST  
DESCRIBED AS A LENS,  
OR AMPLIFIER, FOR THE  
WEARER'S NATURAL  
POWER.

HE FEELS THE POWER -  
A MAN OF IRON IN A  
BALSA WOOD WORLD.

HE PLAYS WITH  
HIS NEW STRENGTH.  
TESTING.

...IT SEEMS  
TO MAGNIFY THE  
ELECTROMAGNETIC  
IMPULSES AND ENERGY  
FIELDS OF THE  
HUMAN BODY...

MAGNIFICENT.  
HIS CONTROL  
IS PERFECT.





"THE HELMET IS THE FINE TUNE MECHANISM. IT SEEMS TO INCORPORATE THE BRAIN PATTERNS OF AN INDIVIDUAL IN ITS CIRCUITRY"









AND THIS IS HERO'S BUSINESS.



**Next: Sid's Story**



## Episode 3 **Paragon** **of Painthorpe Street**

by Steve Alan Illustrations by Jeff Anderson

"This is no fantasy – no careless product of wild imagination..."

Marlon Brando

Paragon is a superhero. A gladiator, a paladin, a man of tomorrow. Jonah Pringle quite plainly isn't. His waist is getting thick, his hair is getting thin, and with an embarrassingly botched suicide attempt behind him, there really isn't that much reason for Paragon's number one fan to get out of bed of a morning. That is, until he spots an advertisement holding out the tantalising promise of a new body. However, as Pringle discovers immediately prior to passing out, the body in question appears to have detachable arms...

**P**ringles was having that dream again. It was the dream in which Eunice Cribble, his former landlady, caught him eating caramel fudge- whip cake in the bedroom. "And just precisely what do you think you're up to, you 'orrible little toerag?" she would say, cutting a voluminous silhouette in the doorway. In the dream Pringle, his



face already smeared up to the eyebrows in caramel fudge- whip cake would gaze around in stricken horror at the bedroom. Caramel fudge- whip cake was everywhere. It smothered the carpet. It hung in stalactites from the ceiling. Wild, slurping torrents of it rolled out of open drawers. "I can explain..." he began.

"I'll snap your neck," interrupted Eunice Cribble, advancing monstrosity upon him. Pringle tried to move, but found that what he had previously taken to be his bed was, in actuality, a tremendous blob of caramel fudge- whip cake, a blob which was slowly and inexorably engulfing him. He could only stare, goggle-eyed as Eunice Cribble bore down on him, an electric tin opener in her big, red, corned beef fist.

"GLEEARRGGH!!!" was Pringle's immediate reaction as his eyes snapped open. And he was indeed restricted, strapped by hands and feet to a slant board of sorts, and wearing a one-piece white overall. "Wrrllfppnn," he spluttered, as a far more rational fear began to possess him.

Immediately the homely, smiling and almost reassuring figure of Fox Maitland, owner of the Fox Maitland Fitness Centre, stepped into view. He released Pringle from the restraints immediately.

"Just what's going on?" began Pringle, with what he hoped was sufficient ire. Even in such a situation he found it difficult to summon up genuine anger. As ever, the fear was too intense.

"If you'll just be patient..."

"Patient? Hal! That's a laugh! They're all bloody robots, aren't they?"

"The Genesoid is rather more than a robot, Mr Pringle," said Maitland primly. Pringle realised he'd struck a chord.

"A machine's a machine though, isn't it?" He pressed his advantage. "I mean, they're very good... better than going to the waxworks," he added generously. "But... well, you know! Bloody hell! And I want to complain about this as well..." He plucked at the white overall.

"Mr Pringle..."

"Just where's my suit, eh? That's all I want to know."

"I would like the opportunity to explain myself, Mr Pringle."

"Thirty seconds." Pringle was beginning to enjoy himself, but Maitland's icy glance cut him dead.

"I can't see any justification for your high-handed attitude," Mr Pringle. You faint! All I did was take the opportunity to do a few routine tests. You're free to go at any time, and there's no charge for the consultation

— but at least hear me out before you make any decisions. Fair?"

Pringle conceded defeat. "Oh, alright. I'm sorry, Mr Maitland."

Maitland smiled again. "No problem. Now, first you've got to understand that the Genesoid is no danking, whirling robot. No cogs, no clockwork. My Genesoid eats, drinks, and tastes every morsel, every drop. Sight, sound, touch, taste, smell, they're all there. And just as good. He makes love, he even dies, if it's what you're after. Otherwise, life can last indefinitely. Ever thought about immortality? Ever wanted it?" Pringle did not speak. He felt he might burst.

"I could duplicate your body as it stands, Jonah. Follide for follide, fingerprint for fingerprint, head to toe. The whole sorry shebang. Oh sure, there are seams, but you'd never find 'em."

Pringle caught the strange look in Maitland's eye and blanched.

"No," said Maitland, savouring his moment. "But I might have, and you'd never know..."

Pringle's eyes darted, his mind in turmoil. He wanted to go home again. Home to Paintorpe Street, to Eunice Cribble, yes, even to her. He wanted to hide under the bed for an indefinite period.

"It's not too far-fetched to predict that someday the planet may be peopled entirely by Genesoids," Maitland continued. "There are names on my list like you wouldn't believe."

"How much?" Pringle at last, and was ignored.

"The human condition has been a pet subject of mine for some time now, Jonah. Hunger, infirmity, senility — all the miseries of the transitory lives we lead."

"That's very noble. Very public spirited. But look..."

"Other men might be content to drop a few pennies in the collection plate, Jonah. But a multi-millionaire — a multi-billionaire even — has rather

more responsibility, wouldn't you say?"

"Bulti-b..."

"Sic iter ad astra, Jonah. I sought the stars."

"Yes, I can see that... very nice. But..."

"Helping humankind has always been my goal. The alleviation of suffering my prime directive."

Pringle almost cried. "How much for heaven's sake?"

"The technology? Billions. The fee? A mere bagatelle..."

Veronica Lake smiled sweetly as Pringle stepped out of the lift, feeling very, very ill indeed. He thought about his bank balance, and wondered how easily vomit might wash out of a deep pile, coffee-cream carpet.

"We've a pretty comprehensive range of models to choose from, Jonah," Maitland was saying. "Veronica will fix you up with a catalogue."

Pringle's mouth was dry and his cheeks burned furiously, but he knew the question was unavoidable.

"If — when I agree," he said haltingly, "there's this girl I've been — well, her name is Joan, and she — oh, God —"

"As I think I explained earlier," said Maitland stiffly, "the Genesoid is fully functional in all areas."

"Oh good! Good!" Pringle's voice was very loud in the still room.

Maitland showed him to the door, still chatting smoothly. "Of course, if none of our existing models grab you, I'd be happy to design one to your specifications. I'm kind of an artist too, and I always welcome a challenge."

Pringle stopped.

"Well," he said. "I did have one in mind..."

**P**aragon 501: THE HOUNDS OF DORBLAK. Vacationing on a remote West African isle, Paragon was unaware that he had been followed. Kora Kane, dauntless and impossibly beautiful T.V. anchorman was there, intent on proving once and for all that Paragon was, indeed, her shy and bespectacled colleague Calvin Elroy. Dex Dorblak, diseased maniac and arch-nemesis of Paragon was also there, intent on proving once and for all that Paragon could, indeed, be horribly killed. As another string to his fiendish bow, Dorblak was also a big game hunter who had tired of hunting mere animals, and could now be satisfied only by that most dangerous game, man himself. There ensued a frenetic chase in which Paragon succeeded in rescuing Kora Kane from all manner of grisly finales, whilst the

cackling Dorbolak, leading a pack of fearsome mastiffs, lugged a gigantic howitzer stuffed with Pedasol round the jungle. (Pedasol, it should be explained, was a substance utilised in the treatment of foot infections, particularly verrucas. It also contained a little known radio active element, which rendered Paragon immediately comatose).

Dorbolak's plans had suffered a major setback, however, when a cigar-shaped object bearing a giant lizard in a silver leotard crash-landed in the jungle. "I AM LURRGU!!" it explained, elbowing menacingly out of the wreckage. (Curiously enough, LURRGU translated literally as "He who has tired of offing mere lizards and can now be satisfied only by that most dangerous game, man himself"). "Why! Why are you doing this?" shrieked Dorbolak as the lizard pulled his arms and legs off. "I - AM - LURRGU!!" said the lizard, evidently miffed at having to repeat itself. Presently, Dorbolak was eaten completely.

Dorbolak returned in *Paragon* 502. Apparently, he had been a robot.

A robot. An appalling prospect, to any perhaps, but those who had failed to evolve beyond a mental age of thirteen. Pringle was thrilled skinny. In the following three months, "Jonah Pringle must die" replaced "God, I feel rough" as the morning affirmation, and he spent the days in a peculiar process of self obliteration.

There wasn't a great deal to obliterate. He closed his bank account. He tore up his Blood Donor's card. With great satisfaction, he returned to the offices of the Coalmouth Department of Health and Social Security, and placed his resignation on Higher Executive Officer Ken Borewick's desk. Borewick ran the gamut of incredulity, anger and open abuse in the space of fifteen seconds. Pausing only to express heartfelt wishes that his ex-superior contract amoebic dysentery, Pringle slammed his door unnecessarily hard, so that the hinges rattled. From inside the office there came the muffled CLUD of Borewick's "Miss Tank De-Scaling Agent 1985" Calendar striking the carpet tiles. The following day Joan Riley, the young and lovely brunette who was the entirely oblivious object of Pringle's affections, received a bouquet of a great many red roses. An attached card read "Calvin Eloy."

It was Calvin Eloy that Pringle devoted the remainder of the three months and not a little imagination to creating. Calvin Eloy was a visiting American, a dashing extrovert whose interests spanned water skiing, hang



gliding, fencing, bare-back horse riding, free-fall parachuting, mountaineering and Joan Riley. At least, they would as soon as he got the chance. For the moment, Pringle attended to basics, such as practising his American accent. In all modesty, he confided to himself, it was rather good. He wondered how his efforts would transfer to the mechanical larynx.

With the meagre remainder of his savings Pringle bought a suit and several other items of clothing which fitted the specifications he had given Maitland. They were very large. Even-

ings he spent composing sickly love notes to Joan, and he retired to bed each night trembling. It was all really quite thrilling.

**"T**his is the bus ticket which writes history," Pringle muttered to himself on the final morning. He turned the ticket over and over, contemplating his small, white, tapering fingers. Pathetic! he thought, triumphant. His eyes travelled lingeringly over the middle-aged paunch protruding from his grey jacket. Revolting! He caught



his reflection in the mud-splattered bus window. It was wearing an expression of the deepest contempt for itself. Pringle stewed merrily in his own self-loathing until the journey was over.

"Oh, sweet mystery of life at last I've found youuuuu!!" he intoned, approaching the deceptively scrofulous exterior of the Fo M tlan F n ss ntr. More lettering had peeled off; it would be easier to read the gutter. Pringle's hand grasped the doorhandle, and then froze, as an unaccountable sense of destiny gripped him. He stood, immobile, as in his mind's eye the image of himself swept away, ever upward, into infinity. The tiniest mote on the arc of the world. For an instant, or an age, his courage faltered. Did he really want such drastic changes in his life? Had it really been so awful? "He who hesitates is lost," he thought out of the blue, his chins jutting at the sky. His leg started to feel warm. There was something like gratitude in the dog's eyes as it shook off the remaining drops.

"Oh, balls."

"Is it ready? Is it?"

"One moment, Mr Pringle." Veronica Lake smiled seductively as she thumbed her intercom with an elegantly manicured nail.

"Elroy," said Pringle, in a deep Californian drawl.

"Calvin Elroy."

"Oooh," said Veronica Lake softly, somehow managing to look even more unspeakably sexy.

Impeccably dressed, and brightly-eyed, Fox Maitland led Pringle to the

lift. "Excited?" he asked, unnecessarily.

"No problems? Last minute hitch-ers?" Pringle licked his dry lips.

"Hardly," said Maitland. "Absolute cinch, in fact. Now the old faces - there's job satisfaction for you. All those lines..."

"No, thank you," said Pringle, alarmed. "I hope you kept to the specifications?"

"Sure did. You actually read that garbage?" Pringle had encountered people like Maitland before. Argument invariably proved futile.

"Jeez - real brain death material," continued Maitland.

There was a moment's silence. Then - "Keep a dog at home, do you, Jonah?"

Maitland led him to the same room, and with a slowness which was as maddening as it was deliberate, unlocked the door. Pringle was near hysteria.

The room was soft and cool, lit with the lambent, blue phosphorescence of myriad panels, and again Pringle experienced that almost palpable sensation of destiny. His mouth was dry.

At the far end of the room, something approximately six feet four inches tall stood - waited - beneath a blue cloth. Mesmerised, Pringle padded slowly around the strange, yet infinitely familiar figure. He was the thirteen year old Pringle again, and it was Christmas Day. Oddly, the bluish incandescence he had noticed earlier seemed to emanate from the figure itself.

"May I er... may I?"

"That's the general idea."

He pulled the cloth slowly, reverently, from the head of Calvin Elroy. Short cropped hair, so dark the light seemed almost to fall into it, curled over the tanned, russet forehead in a familiar style. The face was lightly furrowed with noble concern, the eyes even in repose a penetrating, crystalline blue. Pringle yanked the cloth free and stared, thunderstruck, into the face of Tom Tyler, the Republic Serials actor, or Van Williams, the 60's TV star, or a lovingly rendered Carl Grebe masterwork. Unmistakably, irrefutably Paragon. "The convergence of the twain," said Maitland, incongruously. It was the title of a poem about a big ship and an iceberg. However, if Pringle had registered this piece of information, he had evidently decided that standing stock still and working his mouth like a fish was far more important.

They lay side by side in Maitland's spartan operating theatre, and Pringle was irresistibly reminded of the first time he had given blood. Sweating profusely, he stared fixedly at the ceiling.

"Bit nervous, maybe?" said Maitland wryly.

"I suppose it's too late to go to the bog," Pringle replied, laughing cretinously.

"Relax, Jonah." Maitland's voice adopted the even, melodic tone of a hypnotist, and Pringle felt his tension ease as the words washed over him in a warm tide.

"Think of floodgates, Jonah. Gently opening - opening - releasing - out-pouring - gushing -" Pringle's cerebral cortex appeared to liquify, a sensation he had not experienced since watching three T.V. game shows in one evening. Tiny, crystalline tendrils plucked at the skin of his being - caressing - flattering - loosening -

"Flowing -" Maitland's voice again "boiling - breaking -" filling his head, the room, the furthest corners of creation.

"Count slowly, Jonah. One - two -" and now the voice was his own, a cosmic, all-encompassing, omniscient Yorkshire accent. "Three - four -" a silent, glittering blizzard of fireflies washed across his field of vision. "Five - six -" a guttural, metallic roaring, grating - "seven - eight -" cold, eternal frost, an age-long season of darkness - "nine - ten -" rhythmic, pulsing light - "eleven - twelve -" a deep bass, not his own. "Thirteen..."

Paragon slept.

**Next: Up, Up And Away!**



# The Mysterious NIGHT-RAVEN

Script: Steve Parkhouse

Art: David Lloyd

NIGHT-TIME IN THE CITY...JUST AFTER CLOSING TIME AT SAM VENUTI'S FASHION SHOP. AND TWO UNWELCOME VISITORS HAVE ARRIVED...



I CAN'T PAY YOU THIS WEEK...HONEST, BUSINESS IS BAD. GIMME A BREAK, WILL YOU?

SAM, WE GAVE YOU A BREAK LAST WEEK...AND THE WEEK BEFORE THAT. THE TAXMAN DON'T LIKE HIS FIGURES MESSED UP...AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BOSS?

BUT SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS ALREADY HAPPENED!



THE TAXMAN — COLLECTOR FOR THE CITY'S MOST RUTHLESS PROTECTION RACKET. A MAN WHO DELIGHTS IN SQUEEZING HIS VICTIMS DRY!



IF YOU WANT PROTECTION MR. VENUTI, THEN YOU MUST PAY FOR IT. THINGS GET... BROKEN IF YOU DON'T PAY...



...LIKE BONES MESSING...OR EVEN HEADS!

FEARING FOR HER HUSBAND'S SAFETY... MRS. VENUTI PHONED THE POLICE...



COME QUICKLY, PLEASE...I'M AFRAID SOMETHING TERRIBLE MIGHT HAPPEN

LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S GOT IN HERE.



WE'RE TWO DOLLARS SHORT. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SEE IF HE'S CARRYING ANY MONEY ON HIM.



THERE YA GO, BOSS. TWO BUCKS EXACTLY!



GOOD. NOW HE'S ALL PAID UP. I'M SURE HE'LL FEEL A LOT MORE SECURE! INSURANCE IS SUCH A WORTHWHILE INVESTMENT!





WHERE TO NEXT, BOSS?

CARLO'S RESTAURANT, AND STEP ON IT!

THEN A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE STEPPED FROM THE SHADOWS... A FIGURE WHO HAD SEEN ALL, HEARD ALL...



AND WHO WAS NOW RESOLVED TO REDRESS THE BALANCE...



STEADY NOW, STEADY. JUST TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE.

NEXT MOMENT...



WHHEEEOOOOOOOOOOW  
THERE HE IS! LOOKS LIKE WE NAILED EM!



THERE HE GOES...



HUH? NO SIGN OF HIM. BUT HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY...



OW!

WHOP!



OOOF!

THUMP!



SORRY, OFFICER... BUT THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

THWOP!

GNNN!



SARGE! GET OUT A BULLETIN SOME HOOD'S MADE OFF WITH OUR CAR!

VRRROOOO!

MEANWHILE, AT CARLO'S RESTAURANT...

WHADDA YOU MEAN, YOU PUTTIN' UPPA DA RATES? I CAN'T AFFORDA NO MORE... YOU GOTTA BE REASONABLE!

WE ARE BEING REASONABLE, MR. CANALONE... IT'S YOU WHO ARE NOT, YOU KNOW OUR CONDITIONS, NO MONEY... NO PROTECTION!



AND WITHOUT PROTECTION, ACCIDENTS HAPPEN... RIGHT, CARLO?

MAMA MIA! ATSA MA BEAUTIFUL CAPODIMONTE! ITSA BROKEN!

KERASH!



NOW YOU LISSENA ME! AH'M SICKA BEIN' SQUEEZED BY CREEPS LIKE A YOU! YOU GET OUTTA DIS RESTAURANT... YOU GET OUTTA DIS A NEIGHBOURHOOD!

AN' DON'TA COME BACK!

WHY, YOU JUMPED UP LITTLE...

WAIT! CRUDE VIOLENCE WILL NOT BE NECESSARY! WE'LL LEAVE AS MR. CANALONE SUGGESTS... QUIETLY



YOU DID IT, BOSS... YOU STOOD UPPA TO HEEM!

HE'S A GONE, AH DONNA BELIEVE IT... HE'S A GONE!

HEY, BOSS... DAT LITTLE SNAKE LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND...



HIS BRIEF-CASE!

TONY! PUT IT DOWN... GETTARID OF IT!

TICK TOCK  
TICK TOCK  
TICK TOCK



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE STREET OUTSIDE...



WHAAAAAM!



AND, AS THE SMOKE CLEARED, NIGHT-RAVEN LOOKED UP... STRAIGHT INTO THE BARREL OF A POLICE .38!

OHhhh... GROAN...

OKAY! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE... YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE!

Next: Retribution!

# Abslom Daak DALEK KILLER

Script: Steve Moore

Art: Steve Dillon

THE 26TH CENTURY: EARTHMAN ABSLOM DAAK, CONVICTED MURDERER, HAS BEEN EXILED TO THE PLANET MAZAM, RECENTLY CONQUERED BY THE DALEK EMPIRE. WITH NO HOPE OF RETURN, HIS ONLY TASK IS TO KILL AS MANY DALEKS AS HE CAN... BEFORE THEY KILL HIM...

BUT THAT, FOR DAAK, WOULD BE A WELCOME RELEASE...

AND PRINCESS TRYIN, EX-RULER OF MAZAM, CAN ONLY SHAKE HER HEAD UNCOMPREHENDINGLY...

BESIDES, IF IT GOES WRONG AND I FINISH THEM BEFORE THEY FINISH ME... YOU GET YOUR PLANET BACK!

IF YOU'RE SO EAGER TO DIE, WHY NOT JUST SHOOT YOURSELF, YOU STUPID IDIOT!

OH NO, LADY... THAT'D BE TOO EASY! THERE'S A PLAN IN ME... A HATRED...

... A FIRE THAT CAN ONLY BURN ITSELF OUT IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE!

NOW YOU GOT ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY BEFORE I GET ON WITH IT?

ONLY...

I-I'M COMING WITH YOU, ABSLOM DAAK...

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS ABOUT ATTACKING THE DALEK COMMAND SHIP SINGLE-HANDED! IT'S INVINCIBLE! YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY WIN!

LADY, I'M NOT LOOKING TO WIN...

I'M LOOKING TO LOSE...

THEN YOU'RE CRAIER THAN I AM, WOMAN...

HERE, TAKE THIS... AND KEEP AN EYE OPEN BEHIND US...

BUT BEFORE THEY CAN GET FAR  
DOWN THE ROCKY HILLSIDE...



TWO HUMANS  
LANDED IN THIS  
AREA! THEY ARE  
DANGEROUS!

THEY MUST  
BE EXTERMINATED!  
THEY WILL BE  
EXTERMINATED!

CAN'T BLOW 'EM UP  
OR WE'LL GIVE OUR POSITION  
AWAY! HELP ME WITH THIS  
BOULDER...



SEEK... ATTACK...  
DESTROY!

AND, AS THE GIANT ROCK  
TOPPLES...



WE'LL  
THAT HALVES  
THE ODDS...

...A CHAINSHOARD WHIRRS...



...AND THIS  
HALVES THE OTHER!



IN A WAY I ALMOST LIKE DALEKS!  
AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHERE YOU  
STAND WITH KILLERS LIKE THESE...

NOT LIKE THOSE  
TWO-FACED SNAKES  
BACK ON EARTH...



YOU CAN'T REALLY  
HATE PEOPLE SO MUCH  
THAT EVEN THE DALEKS  
SEEM BETTER!

SURE I CAN...  
PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN ME  
PLENTY OF REASON...



NO, YOU'RE WRONG...  
YOU DON'T REALLY HATE  
ANYBODY...EXCEPT  
YOURSELF...

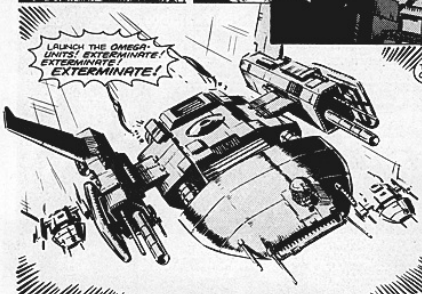
YOU'RE SO  
TWISTED UP  
WITH...

LADY, I'M  
GETTING TIRED OF  
ALL THIS MOUTH...!

AND I TOLD  
YOU TO WATCH  
BEHIND!



VA-BOOM!





THEY'RE IN CLOSE FORMATION AND PACKED WITH EXPLOSIVES... THAT'S OKAY IF YOU'RE BLASTING DEFENCELESS WOMEN AND KIDS...

...BUT I'VE GOT TEETH...



AND... COME ON! WITH THIS LOT ON THEIR VIEWSCREENS, THEY'LL NEVER PICK US UP...

WE CAN GET INSIDE AND RIP THE GUTS OUT OF THEIR SHIP BEFORE THEY REALISE WHAT'S GOING ON!



BUT THE DISTANCE IS JUST TOO FAR... THE DALEK INSTRUMENTS JUST TOO SENSITIVE...

SEAL ENTRANCE 9! INTRUDERS APPROACHING!

ALL UNITS TO ENTRANCE 9!



BUT THE DALEK DOORS ARE JUST NOT STRONG ENOUGH... FOR A MAN WITH A CHAIRSWORD...

FEW MORE SECONDS... AND WE'LL BE IN...

WRRRIIP!

BUT, EARTHMAN, WE'RE BOUND TO GET KILLED IF WE GO IN HERE...

I KNOW YOU DON'T CARE...



THEN MOVE YOURSELF, WOMAN!

THERE'S NO WAY ANYONE'S GOING TO STAY ALIVE OUT HERE!

...BUT I WANT TO LIVE— OOW!

Next: **Suicide Gambit!**

# Captain Britain Communications

## Our Address:

23 Redan Place, Bayswater, London W2 4SA, England.

No room for wordy introductions – it's straight into your letters.

Dear Captain's Crew,

In October, 1976, I was there as the world was introduced to Captain Britain and a host of supporting characters. Betsy and Jamie Braddock, Joshua Stragg a.k.a. The Weaver, Hurricane, Dr. Synne, Mastermind, Lord Hawk and Dai Thomas all featured in a colourful weekly comic.

Now, eight years later he's back and what a sensational comeback it is! Cap rips through a fabulous cover and blasts into action inside with wonderful art by Alan Davis and a magnificent tale of Cap's adventures by Jamie Delano. The stories backing up Cap are great, Abslom Daak and Night Raven are excellent and The Freefall Warriors looks all set to be an action-packed story of strange and exciting adventures.

Congratulations on the return of "The greatest superhero of them all."

Make Mine Marvel!

Nicholas Taylor,  
Lancashire.

Congratulations on being the writer of the first letter printed in the new *Captain Britain*, Nicholas.

Dear All,

Thank you for a really splendid first issue of the new *Captain Britain* Monthly. It's good to see him back in his own title after all these years. You certainly gave me a bit of a scare when I couldn't find the first issue after seeing it advertised. I thought I'd missed it – still I can see why you'd prefer a joint launching in both Britain and America (by the way, good luck in the States).

An excellent start for the magazine is the brilliantly illustrated cover, which also serves a double purpose of introducing the product's main characters. Nice to see that our hero Captain Britain has a full twelve pages for his adventures, plenty of room for stories to develop and grow with space left over for sub-plots. As usual, Alan Davis' artwork is superb, surely he's now as good if not better than the best of the Americans.

Abslom Daak was okay, even though it's a reprint. Maybe this time I'll be able to follow it through to its conclusion. Night Raven is something new to me. I've seen it before but always skipped over it because it looked old-fashioned and boring. I actually read it for the first time and found

it quite interesting. The same thing goes for Paragon in a way. Usually I tend to miss out the written stories and go straight for the art, but this time I gave it a try and again, found myself pleasantly surprised. It was very funny and could give us a new superhero in Redmond Jonah Pringle!

Glad to see a new story with The Freefall Warriors, not that we saw much of them this issue, though.

Overall, it's a very impressive beginning for the *Captain Britain* Monthly and I hope you get the support and acclaim you deserve.

Terry Webster,  
Notts.

Thank you for your comments, Terry.



Dear All,

I have just this minute finished reading issue number one of *Captain Britain*, and felt I had to write to congratulate you on such an excellent standard of magazine.

I always loved the *Captain Britain* stories in the *Mighty World of Marvel*, and was quite upset when *MWOM* ended its run, but then I saw there was to be a *Captain Britain* Monthly, and I was soon cheered up again!

Well, after a long wait, we finally have the first issue and let me be the first to say that the wait was well worth it! It goes without saying that I enjoyed "Myth, Memory and Legend" immensely, and can hardly wait for issue two.

As for Abslom Daak, you certainly know how to please me! Steve Dillon is my favourite artist, and this issue sees absolutely great artwork (of course) and it promises to be a memorable story. Steve Moore's script is exceptionally good, as per usual, and I'm waiting to see what happens next issue.

I'm not sure about Night Raven yet, as I preferred the all-text version in *MWOM*, but give me a few more issues, and no doubt I'll have changed my mind!

I thought Paragon of Painthorse Street was, to say the least, different! I really liked it and read it several times. I'm not really sure about The Freefall Warriors, perhaps because we don't know much about them

yet, but when I've read a few more issues, you will no doubt receive a few comments from me.

You can count yourselves lucky! I am usually a critical so-and-so, but this first issue has pleased me so much that you can count on my support. I'll keep buying as long as you keep printing!

I really do hope you manage to keep this excellent title running, because you will definitely hear from me again, in future times! Keep up the brilliant work! Donna Everett (Miss), Peterborough.

Glad you liked it, Donna, and keep the letters coming.

Dear Editor,

I am writing to say that for 50p your magazine is overpriced for what amounts to an American rip off – an embarrassing one. Why is there no colour? The black and white illustrations are too oppressive. The stories are weak and silly, concentrating on violence. I personally would have liked more human involvement, elements and problems that are believable. The characters are flat in all stories, the best of which was the Dalek kill, which started as a good idea then fizzled out, I suppose for lack of space.

Paragon – well that has to be the worst story I've ever read. It's not badly written but what a subject...it's a dog. Why not commission scripts from good story writers?

I don't suppose anything here will have much bearing on your future publications, so I don't think I will be buying your mag again.

Jake Gregory,  
Caerphilly.

PS – If you get stuck for a script, let me know.

Didn't like it, eh? Well, Jake, we're not short of scripts, but we have been short of letters like yours. You probably won't believe it, but yours is the only letter we've had to date that criticises us completely. Others who have raised valid criticisms, have either wanted us to succeed, or have liked the publication overall. Being in a minority of one doesn't make you wrong, of course – but you must be lonely.

Hello!

You asked for it, so here it is: After a long wait for *Captain Britain* in his own title again, I was pleased to find it in my local Newsagents. But when I had got it home and read it I was... not disappointed exactly – there was nothing wrong with it, but... instead of being wonderful, it was merely... alright. Y'know, nothing special.

*Captain Britain* was good, although you did have to go over old ground somewhat for the American readers. It was just that I couldn't help comparing it to "A Rag, A Bone, A Hank of Hair" from Dareddevil No. 1. The Freefall Warriors showed promise although it's hard to judge on one episode. It did, however, show signs of being a bit like "Rogue Trooper" from 2000AD which I find worrying. Paragon was... well, mildly amusing, but again, it's too soon to tell really.

Night Raven and Abslom Daak were both very good, but I've read them before. (This is the third time around for the Dalek Killer). How can you not have started Abslom Daak with his second adventure? Or put out a Night Raven special which collected all his appearances in strip form and carried on the present text features in *Captain Britain*? It would save me shelling out vast amounts for *Savage Sword Of Conan* merely to read 5 pages of Night Raven – is this so American readers are not totally lost, perhaps? To continue on this track – irritating, aren't it? – how about a Black Knight heritor special as he and Night Raven were the only things that induced me to buy the otherwise dull *Hulk Weekly*. You could even perhaps reprint the strip in *Captain Britain* as it all inter-connects anyway, or would this again be too confusing for our colonial cousins?

I leave you slightly disappointed, but optimistic about the future. And yes, I will keep buying *Captain Britain* and I will keep writing arrogant, opinionated letters which hopefully you will keep reading. You have in *Captain Britain* the best Marvel character since Warlock – don't screw up. Love, Peace and Bananas, Nick Misfit, London.

Can't win 'em all. Then again, "slightly disappointed but optimistic" does give us a chance to redeem ourselves in your eyes. For instance, do you still think *The Freefall Warriors* is like "Rogue Trooper"? And sorry you've seen Night Raven and Abslom Daak before – we were hoping to introduce them to people who hadn't seen them, and as we've said, originate more of both stories in the future, if we can. But keep writing, Nick – we want to know how you view things after a few issues, and we like the bananas.

Dear All,  
Congrats to everyone concerned for *Captain Britain* No. 1. It is definitely the best Marvel UK comic to date – from the good Captain and his supporting cast bursting from the front cover, right through to the Spidey Watches ad on the back! What?

Of course, that doesn't mean it was perfect, but most of the changes I would make are simply a matter of taste.

Let's start at the beginning. The *Captain Britain* strip is faultless. New readers were brought up to date with the Captain's history and at the same time enough foundations were laid for the story to build in any number of ways. I'm hooked. I can't comment much further without going well OTT, so I'll content myself with saying: "The words! The pictures! The news clippings! The black diamond page numbers! I just love it! Yum!"

Right, Abslom Daak. I could live without this, mainly because I have seen it before. It is a good example of Steve Dillon's art, but I'd rather see The Special Executive in this spot. In fact, put The Special Executive in the mag and I'll pay any amount for it. Those Lunatics are priceless!

Night Raven works better in a text story where the writer can get under the skin of the characters. The Night Raven stories are the ones where the readers' imagination can do more than pictures. In strip form, the similarity to "V For Vendetta" is unmistakable. Hardly surprising, considering David Lloyd draws both, but unfortunately

the only way I can see of improving Night Raven is to make it more like "V". Instead, please leave it in its text form.

On one hand, Paragon was a refreshing change from superheroics of one kind or another, but, on the other, it brought me down to Earth with a bit of a bump. Is this the fate of aging, sagging comic fans? Gulp. Poor, fat Jonah Pringle could step out to be a bit too close to the truth for comfort. I mean, so far my Superman kiss-curl is still intact, but...

Lastly, The Freefall Warriors. Great. Based on their appearance here and in *Doctor Who* magazine, this bunch could grow to be almost as much fun as The Special Executive. Have I mentioned how much I like The Special Executive? Martin Feekins, Leicestershire.

What was their name again...?

Dear Bullpen,

As an avid reader of *MWOM*, I've been waiting with bated (bated, of course) for the good Captain to have his own mag once more. When I knew it was to be, my heart was light and I was full of joy. I hoped I wouldn't be disappointed. Today it arrived, and I was not.

CB's strip is as masterful as ever, although I would like to see rather more in the way of action, less philosophical dialogue and flashbacks. I realise new readers must be shown parts of the story they haven't read, but for those of us who have, it gets rather tedious.

Abslom Daak – excellent but too short. Paragon is not enough for so good a back up strip. I suggest removing Night Raven to give it more pages. Although I like the strip version, it's not comparable with the text stories in *MWOM*, though it might be interesting to see the modern Night Raven from the text stories in strip form.

The Freefall Warriors – very promising (no chance of getting Dave Gibbons back on the art, I suppose)? I wonder if a certain Time-Lord will appear in both Abslom Daak and Warriors occasionally? There's an idea for you.

Good idea to have a text story – hope it'll be different every few months (don't get me wrong Steve, love Paragon of Paint-horpe Street).

Finally, glad to see CB being released in the States. It's about time they woke up to the wealth of talent in Marvel UK (now can I have the money?).

See ya, gang.

Michael King, Birmingham.

As we pointed out last issue, Abslom Daak and Night Raven are reprints – at the moment. If we can originate more of either story, and readers want us to, we will. Naturally, length and content will be considered then. Both David Lloyd and Steve Dillon (yeah, we actually saw him!) have said they'd like to do more with the characters, and Steve Dillon has had to develop Abslom Daak further. At the moment, Steve Parkhouse is cutting down his Marvel UK commitments in favour of some DC Comics work... but who knows?

As to your other points Michael, we couldn't use Dave again for fear of Jerry Paris, the martial artist. Text stories will be changing frequently – Paragon ends next month – and the cheque, as they say, is in the post.

## FREEFALL WARRIORS



### COOL BREEZE

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN BIO-ENGINEERING FROM THE LABORATORIES OF INTRA-VEENUS INC. (UNKNOWN TO THE EXTERIOR WORLD) THAT COMPANY, AN EXTRA FACTOR HAD BEEN BUILT INTO THIS ANDROID'S GENETIC CODE: THE "BOMM" FACTOR!



### BIG CAT

THE FREEFALL WARRIORS' MAXIMUM LEADER. ORIGINALLY A HUMAN, HE'S A LEADER OF THE HELLCATS FLIGHT – HE'S CAPRICIOUS, VICIOUS AND UNPREDICTABLE. ONE QUALITY GETS HIM BENT FOR HIS MEN: HE CAN SEE IN THE DARK!



### MACHINE HEAD

ORIGINALLY HUMAN, MASSIVE IMPLANTS TRANSFORMED THIS OPERATIONAL HIGH FLYER INTO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS WEAPONS IN THE INTRA-VEENUS ARMOURY – A DIVE FIGHTER OF UNUSUAL FORT!



### BRUCE

PRODUCT OF THE SURGEON-SCULPTORS OF RUBICON, THIS SHARK-FALED WARRIOR STARTED LIFE AS A SUB-SURFER, CRUISING THE LOWER STRATA OF SUB-SPACE AND BOUNCING ON VICTIMS AS THEY PASSED. IN SHORT, A PRIVATE, ONCE WRECKED ON THE PLANET ARMADILLO HE HAD TO DUTY STATUS BY SCANNED MONITORS HE HAD ACQUIRED DURING THE GIFT (OR CURSE) OF INVULNERABILITY IN BATTLE. SEEMS TO HAVE HELD GOOD SO FAR.



WAR IS A BIG MACHINE. SOMEONE OBEYS SOME ORDERS, PRESSES SOME BUTTONS, AND THE MACHINE STARTS ROLLING. IT DOESN'T CARE WHO IT ROLLS OVER... AS LONG AS MOMENTUM IS GAINED, ANYONE WHO GETS INVOLVED IS JUST FEEDING THE MACHINERY.

YOU'RE LOOKING AT TWO BEINGS HERE WHO GOT INVOLVED... AND THEY'RE BEGINNING TO WONDER JUST WHAT THEY'VE BECOME.

...MEN OR MACHINES?

AT LEAST ONE OF THEM CAN STILL MAKE A DECISION...

TEMPERED WITH A LITTLE COMPASSION, HE WON'T SHOOT A DEFENCELESS ENEMY. HE CAN'T.

LIFE IS TOO... RARE TO THROW AWAY. DEEP IN THE ELECTRO-CHEMICAL HEART OF THIS CREATURE, A SPARK HAS BEEN IGNITED THAT WILL SOME DAY BECOME A BEACON. BUT NOT NOW...

FOR THE TIME BEING, HE CAN ONLY WATCH AND WAIT. LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE, HELPLESS AS THE MACHINE ROLLS ON...

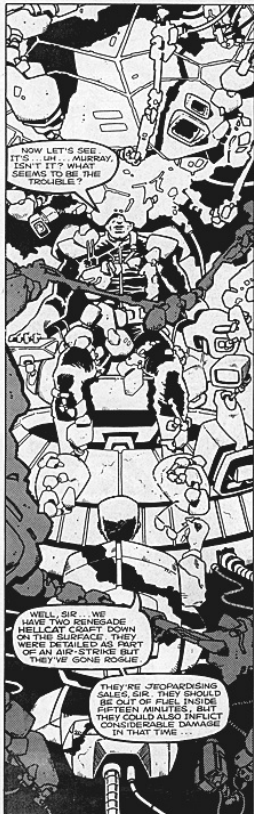
# RECRUITMENT...

WRITER: PARKHOUSE ARTIST: PARIS EDITOR: MCKENZIE



ORBITING WARWORLD IS A GIANT SPACE STATION OWNED BY THE INTERGALACTIC ADMS MANUFACTURERS, INTRA-VENUS INC.





NOW LET'S SEE IT'S...UH...MURRAY, ISN'T IT? WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

WELL, SIR...WE HAVE TWO RENEGADE HELLCAT CRAFT DOWN ON THE SURFACE. THEY WERE DETACHED AS PART OF AN AIR-STRIKE BUT THEY'VE GONE ROGUE.

THEY'RE JEOPARDISING SALES, SIR. THEY SHOULD BE OUT OF FUEL INSIDE FIFTEEN MINUTES, BUT THEY COULD ALSO INFLICT CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE IN THAT TIME...



DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WE CAN CALL UPON TO RESOLVE THIS SITUATION?



WE HAVE ONE PERSON ON RECORD WHO WOULD BE PREPARED TO CO-OPERATE...



"...HE HAS A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT EFFICIENCY RATING, BUT HE'S EXPENSIVE...VERY, VERY EXPENSIVE."

TOLD HIM HIS SHIP WAS READY...DON'T THINK HE KNEW I WAS THERE.

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN HE'S GONE. FREAKS LIKE HIM ARE BAD FOR MORALE!



"HE WON'T CONSIDER ANYTHING LESS THAN ONE AND A HALF MILLION."



"WELL, CO-ORDINATOR...I THINK I CAN SECURE SALES UPWARDS OF SIXTY-FIVE MILLION, SO I THINK IT'S WORTH THE RISK."

...I WANT THOSE HELLCATS TAKEN OUT!"



"BY THE WAY, SIR...WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS OPERATIVE?"



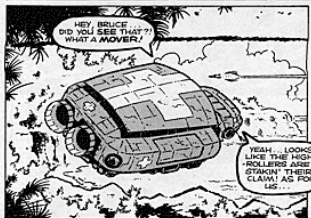
"HIS NAME IS KAHN..."



click



"...SHAMAN KAHN..."



"HEY, BRUCE!  
DID YOU SEE THAT?!"  
"WHAT A MOVER!"

"YEAH...LOOKS  
LIKE THE HIGH-  
ROLLERS ARE  
STAKIN' THEIR  
CLAIM! AS FOR  
US..."



"...WE GOT A  
RENDEZVOUS  
WITH A SPECIAL  
LADY, YESSIR."



"FURTHER DOWN  
THE COAST..."

"TEN MINUTES OF  
FUEL LEFT...AND NO  
PLACE TO CALL HOME!  
WHAT'S THE VERDICT,  
BIG CAT?"

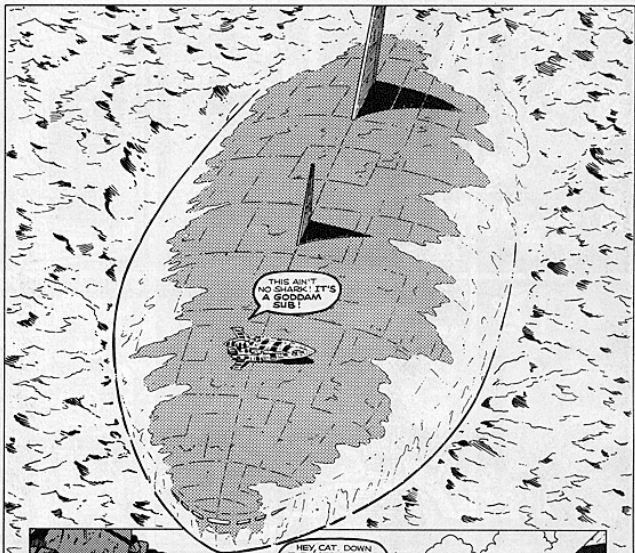
"I'M THINKIN' IT  
OVER! OUR CHOICES  
ARE A LITTLE  
LIMITED!"

"ESPECIALLY AS  
I'M GETTIN' A SCAN!  
SOMETHING FAST  
AND FURIOUS  
COMING IN FROM  
UP AHEAD!"

BEEP!  
BEEP!

WILDCAT!  
GO LEFT!  
I SAID GO...









HE HEARD HER SAY THAT THEY ALL HAD A CHANCE TO STRIKE BACK... THEIR LIVES NO LONGER RULED BY WARWORLD BUT HE STILL WASN'T SURE...

MACHINE HEAD, WITH NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE, ONLY STARTED LISTENING WHEN SHE MENTIONED MONEY... AND THE AMOUNT SHE WAS PREPARED TO PAY. A DEAL HE COULD UNDERSTAND...

IT WAS LEFT TO THE STRANGE ANDROID, COOL BREEZE, TO REPLY TO THE LADY'S OFFER...

I OWE NO DEBT TO THE MASTERS OF WARWORLD. THEY GAVE ME LIFE, BUT IT WAS A GIFT UNASKED FOR.

I WAS MADE TO FIGHT AND NOT TO FEEL. BUT NOW A SINGLE DESIRE POSSESSES ME...

THE DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE.



**Next:**

**COOL BREEZE... WITH A VENGEANCE!**



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